

# City's Farewell to Troops Heading for France

of the soldiers passed under Washington Arch.

In the interim New York had seen such sights and experienced such emotions as will not soon be forgotten, and the boys in khaki had learned what it feels like to hear the voice of a whole city lifted in "Good-by, Good Luck, God Bless You!"

New York had been a city transformed and glorified—a city swept by a wave of suddenly and fully aroused patriotism, too deeply moved to give vent to the whole measure of cheers, to which the sight of many uniforms and the crash of martial music usually stir the civilian.

War had been brought home to New York at last in this send-off to the Guardsmen, soon to go to a Southern camp, and from there overseas—some, indeed, to step out of the parade into waiting trains—and the realization seemed to sink in deep that a great number of them were likely never to return. Sending them to the border had been a different thing; this was real. No picnic was ahead, but grim war—the sort of war that runs into long casualty lists and broken hearts.

## Crowd Remains in Rain

The weather was in mood to match the spirit of farewell. The air was close and muggy, with no breath of wind stirring. Clouds hid the sun, and occasionally local showers pattered down at one point or another along the Avenue. A general and heavy shower was threatening, but it held off until the last hour of the parade. Some thousands the rain drove away then, but the great majority on the sidewalk and in the grandstands remained in the open until the last of the troops had gone by.

All along the line there were little human happenings to pluck at the heart-strings—women everywhere dodging the police and running out to embrace their loved ones—but it was in the grandstand at Forty-second Street, in front of the Astor Library, that interest centered. Here were the reviewing officials—Mayor Mitchell, Governor Whitman, Colonel Roosevelt and the rest.

Here too was a great bank of Red Cross nurses, in their uniforms of white, and a contingent of vociferous old men in faded blue uniforms who thumped their canes on the floor and raised their cracked voices in battle cries of a bygone war as the boys in khaki swung past.

The police band was repeating its insistent, commanding "Over There! Over There!" for the fiftieth time as it came abreast the grandstand.

## Ovation to General O'Ryan

General O'Ryan came in for the first ovation, with George T. Wilson, of the Mayor's Committee, and a graybeard of the G. A. R., acting as cheer leaders in the grand stand. Colonel Cornelius Vanderbilt, of the Twenty-second Engineers, striding a horse that was up to all sorts of circus tricks, got another. He and his command immediately followed the divisional staff and the headquarters troop, for they were under orders to entrain for Spangburg when the parade disbanded.

Women in the grandstand, who by prearrangement had come supplied with ammunition, showered roses on the Colonel.

Colonel Vanderbilt was gone before the roses were exhausted. What were left were pelted down upon the infantrymen who came next in line. Some of the soldiers scooped up the flowers and stuck them in their rifle barrels—a military lapse that later was made the subject of a sharp lecture by Colonel William G. Bates, of the 71st Infantry, who commanded the 2d Brigade in the march.

## Upstate Brigade Next in Line

After the engineers came the 2d Brigade, from upstate, under Brigadier General James W. Lester, the 2d and 3d Infantry regiments; then the 1st Brigade, the 7th, 12th and 14th regiments, with Colonel Willard C. Fisk, of the 7th, in command as brigadier; then the 2d Brigade, under Colonel Bates, the 1st, 23d and 71st regiments. A provisional brigade of the Coast Artillery Corps, whose men looked and marched like the infantry, and carried practically the same equipment, followed. It was made up of the 8th, 9th and 13th Coast Defence commands and was headed by Colonel E. F. Austin. After these highly adaptable artillerymen marched the headquarters of the 1st Field Artillery, under Major Leonard B. Smith; the 2d Battalion of the 2d Field Artillery, under Major Wilbur T. Wright; the 1st Cavalry, under Colonel Charles I. De Bevoise; Squadron A, under Major William R. Wright; Machine Gun Troop, Cavalry, under Captain Stanton Whitney; 1st Battalion, Signal Corps, under Major William L. Hallahan, and the Division Trains, under Lieutenant Colonel Cleveland C. Lansing.

Each regiment was trailed by its supply train, the wagons built after the pattern of prairie schooners, and each drawn by four leisurely mules, which added mightily to the length of the line.

For all that, they carried no less than fifty-five pounds of equipment, the men swung along easily, with a stride that delighted, particularly, the eyes of English officers in the reviewing stand. Some carried their kit in the new "caterpillar" packs, some carried the poncho rolls of the period just past, and still others the altogether obsolete blanket roll.

## Many Lacked Equipment

So far as equipment went, the Guardsmen must have appeared a hodge-podge lot. Not more than half of them were supplied with bayonets, and those who were supplied had them fixed to their rifles, which stressed the discrepancy of the rest. Then, a good share of the cavalry, without mounts, marched as infantry—in step with one another to a man and striding out with a real infantry swing, but altogether

out of step with the music of their band.

These—though here and there could be picked out a uniform that was not regulation—were the glaring equipment shortages manifested in the parade. But all that will be made up when the troops get to Spangburg and settle into the routine of preparing for the trenches.

As they were, no need to be ashamed of them—these clerks and bookkeepers of yesterday turned twentieth century crusaders. It was the men, not the incomplete equipment, that eyes were on; and the men, mostly veterans of the long and arduous waiting war on the border, wanted no apologies.

## O'Ryan Proud of His Men

The pride that General O'Ryan had in them was clearly visible as he stood with the reviewing party, which he had joined after passing the grandstand. "I have nothing to say," he said, "except that you'll find it hard to beat that bunch for fitness and zeal."

Colonel Roosevelt said some fine things about the parade. "I wouldn't have missed this for anything," he cried. "It is not only a national, but an international, occasion."

And, in the reviewing stand, Major Cunningham Dunlop, of the Canadian army, made himself heard. Speaking with the authority of one just back after fourteen straight months in the trenches, he asserted that never had he seen so fine a body of men in uniform as the New York Guard.

"Court martial me if I have!" he wound up, to stamp his remark as one made out of knowledge rather than kindness.

It was about 1 o'clock that the gap in the line occurred, and for more

than a half hour no troops passed down the avenue. The reviewing party took advantage of the lull to cross to the Union League Club and there have luncheon. Colonel Roosevelt, clad in a Palm Beach suit, was quickly recognized by the crowd, which sent up mighty cheers for him on his way to the club, and again when he returned.

Had those who arranged the parade schedule allowed for a brisker pace there would have been no hold up. So rapidly did the first regiments get away that it was only 12:15 when the 2d Field Artillery fell into line. This command was not scheduled to start until 1:40, and the 1st Cavalry, next in order, had not been instructed to be on hand until 1 o'clock. The cavalry regiment arrived promptly, started off at once and by fast marching considerably cut down the field artillery's lead.

But, anyhow, there was a luncheon hour for everybody. Thousands of forehanded spectators, chiefly those who wore the "tags of honor," had brought their luncheon, and many shared it with soldiers fortunate enough to be near a lunch box during the five-minute period at ease, which came half hourly as the police opened the Avenue to permit the passage of cross-town traffic.

Other lunch boxes, whose owners were high above the Avenue, contributed their share, too. Out of the windows of office and loft buildings, whenever the column halted, came a hail of paper bags containing sandwiches and fruit, along with a miscellany of notes from lonely girls who wanted to correspond with a soldier. And from the windows of the Fifth Avenue hotels and clubs came showers of cigars, cigarettes, candy and chewing gum.

She recognized her husband at the same time as a shabbily dressed woman, past middle age, called to a son in the ranks behind the commanding officer. Both women waved, and perhaps it was chance that caused Mrs. Vanderbilt to look down, straight into the eyes of the mother, and smile bravely.

Among others who watched the parade from the Vanderbilt house were Mrs. Bell, wife of Major General J. Franklin Bell; Mrs. Whitman, wife of Governor Whitman; Mrs. Spencer Eddy and Mrs. Arthur Curtis James.

Wherever military regulation allowed, and often where it did not, the crowds presented the guardsmen with gifts as they marched. The soldiers were the recipients of fruit and candy and cake, of drinks and chewing gum, flowers and Bibles, handkerchiefs and tobacco.

These gifts and the words that went with them kept the men in good humor in spite of weather and long waits, so that they spontaneously burst into a rapid, popular, war-song, as they were given the order to "double-quick."

The hitch in the parade came at 12:10 o'clock. The side streets from the Circle to 114th Street, where the soldiers had been shuttling pending their turn to march, were empty. It looked like the end of a patriotic morning, but the police were warned that somebody had made a mistake.

The 1st New York Cavalry, consisting of some 1,500 troops, was missing. So were Squadron A and various field hospital organizations. The crowd did not leave, because the police kept the streets cleared, thus indicating that everything was not over.

At 12:25 o'clock Troops A, C and E and the Headquarters Troop of the 1st Cavalry appeared in East 111th Street. Colonel Charles I. De Bevoise, the commanding officer, was astonished when he saw no traces of his command, the last of which had disappeared over the unit of which had disappeared over the hill. Colonel De Bevoise said he had received written orders at the 1st Cavalry Armory, in Brooklyn, to report in 111th Street at 1 o'clock sharp with his command. He was thirty-five minutes ahead of time, and yet fifteen minutes late. The remainder of his command—Troops D, G, H, I, J, K, L and M—came from Bay Ridge, and appeared at about 12:50 o'clock.

The mistake was realized in time by Division Headquarters, and the parade was halted for fifty minutes. More than 90 per cent of the immense throng that witnessed the parade never knew that a mistake had been made.

The last wagon of the last unit left the Circle at 1:40 o'clock. The soldiers did not even look weary after the long march down the length of Fifth Avenue, although the going was not good. Soldiers are not trained to walk on hard pavements.

But there was no talk of walking all the way back to camp when the troops marched through the arch at Washington Square. They were not worn out, but they were glad to turn toward the Sixth Avenue elevated and the subway express station at Fourteenth Street and take a load off their feet in the special trains which carried them back to their armories and encampments.

Flowers are not covered by military regulations, and are therefore frowned upon. A little clothing worker high up in a loft building on Fifth Avenue, near Fourteenth Street, did not know this when she hurled bouquets of marigold yesterday on the marchers below as her "bit."

Nor did the men think it other than acknowledgment of the gift to pick up, and carry the blossoms. But the sharp eye of Colonel William G. Bates, reviewing the Second Division at Washington Arch, sought them out. He ordered a sergeant to stand from the line.

"That is the most unmilitary thing I've seen to-day. Throw them away," he commanded. The marigolds mingled with the mud near the Colonel's mount. A street-cleaner, who started to sweep them away was asked for the flowers by Miss Edna Stang, of 121 West Sixty-fourth Street.

"I'm going to save them," she said as she hugged the bedraggled tokens. "I'll preserve them and give them to these boys when they come back."

As musicians, the First Cavalry Band

through Washington Arch, at the end of their journey.

The road was made lighter for them by the excellent work of the twenty-five hundred policemen, under Inspector Dillon, who guarded the line of march. In the vicinity of the Union League Club, exceptional precautions were taken to protect the Governor, the Mayor and Colonel Roosevelt. On the parapet, overlooking the grandstand, were placed a half dozen uniformed men, while four hundred other patrolmen and Home Defence Leaguers formed a solid wall about the block.

Not a single serious accident marred the parade. Three of the guardsmen received slight bayonet wounds during scrambles to pick up cigarettes and other gifts thrown from the Hotel Netherlands, during one of the five-minute rest periods. Their wounds were dressed, and they rejoined their commands.

The intense heat, combined with the high pitch of excitement of the crowd, caused the collapse of half a dozen girls and women. They were all taken to their homes after receiving hospital attendance. Emergency hospitals, at sixteen points along Fifth Avenue, with ambulances stationed at every third street, were able to handle easily the infrequent cases of illness.

The members of the American Woman's League for Self-Defence figured prominently in the parade. Under the personal command of Colonel Neta J. Boardman, 250 members of the league worked from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, looking after the comfort and welfare of the parading soldiers.

Stationed at convenient points along the line of march, the league had twenty-five trucks, from which they served lead orange juice to the soldiers. The members of the league wore their official khaki uniforms, authorized by the War Department. Lieutenant Ellen Donlin, who acted as adjutant to Colonel Boardman during the day and who is an expert motor driver, handled the car which took Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Arthur Curtis James to the reviewing stand.

The American Woman's League for Self-Defence has already sent ten nurses and two women motor drivers to France and is preparing to send a second contingent within a few days.

The boys took the precaution to fill their canteens before leaving camp and armories. At each of the five-minute rest periods the band of the 23d Regiment of Brooklyn played a lugubrious "How Dry I Am," which was taken as the signal for an unanimous tilting of shining water-containers.

Two fine exhibitions of horsemanship thrilled the crowds. Just before the head of the parade reached the reviewing stand the steed of one of the mounted policemen reared, threatening to throw its rider. The crowd melted away while the officer battled

for several minutes until he brought his spirited mount under control. A member of the 1st Cavalry was riding through the Arch during the downpour, when his horse lost a shoe, slipped and threw him. The horse was off in a flash, his rider hot-foot in pursuit. The sprinting Guardsman caught his mount after a fifty-yard dash, vaulted into the saddle and regained his place in line, applauded even by his fellow cavalymen.

There was one man in the crowd who had a perfect alibi for not being among the marchers. "I'd be with them to-day," he said mournfully, after taking a look for the hundredth time up the avenue, "if I had two legs." He did his best by beating time to the band with his one leg and pair of wooden crutches.

Allied officers were sprinkled in the crowds and at the clubs along Fifth Avenue. There were a few French sailors from a vessel in port, a poult from the 7th Regiment French Chasseurs, some Italian and Russian Chasseurs, and British and Canadian officers.

Lieutenant Colonel the Right Rev. Monsignor A. E. Burke, of the Canadian Army, returning to the Dominion from a special mission in Cuba, expressed the admiration of the other Allies at

the appearance of the parading Guardsmen. He said he had witnessed American troops in training in France, and was sure that the men he saw yesterday would be a valuable addition to their number.

Agents of Collector Dudley Field Malone's neutrality squad held up the departure yesterday of a Swedish freighter that was outbound for Stockholm. They charged that she had concealed in her hold two hundred tons of copper not recorded in her manifest. The vessel was ordered to remain in port for further search.

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